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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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HEAVEN ON EARTH.

Pilgrim, passing through the world,
Here's a proverb you should know—
It will make your journey sweet—
"Build your heaven as you go."

Build it now of loving deeds,
Grateful heart, and cheerful mind,
Trusting, whatsoever comes,
Some true good therein to find.

Heaven begins by doing right,
Not in some dim, distant star,
Live to-day in saintly wise;
Heaven's about your where you are.

Here and now the light may shine
That on angel faces falls,
And the lowest blocks be laid
Of the alabaster walls.
—*James Buckham, in C. E. World.*

A LIP-READING ROMANCE.

"Odd to hear from him again, after all of these years! I wonder what made him write directly he reached Southampton!"

Priscilla Baberly glanced inquiringly from the open letter in her hand to the mirror over her drawing room mantelpiece as though her reflection might possibly answer the query.

The wistful melancholy of her expression was due to an illness which had left her almost totally deaf; though the fact was scarcely noticeable, thanks to the knowledge of lip-reading she had acquired, and when this means failed she resorted to the use of an ear trumpet, or an ingeniously constructed fan.

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't been deaf; men have a horror of deaf old maids! But I need not let him know just at first—he always spoke distinctly and was clean shaven, which means a great deal to me now, I'm sure I can manage it," she resumed meditatively. "I will set him talking of his campaigns."

She crossed the room and touched the bell.

"Catherine," she said to the maid, "Major, I mean Colonel Ewart will be here presently. Send up hot toast with the tea and extra cream."

A moment after the maid held aside the plush portiere and a tall, military looking man, with a flowing gray beard and moustache, filled up the doorway.

"Good gracious—a beard as well." Miss Baberley murmured, horror stricken, as she caught up her fan and went to meet him, holding it gracefully to her lips.

"Ah major—colonel, I mean"—she corrected herself agitatedly—"delighted to see you! It's like your good nature to call so soon. How you have altered! I should scarcely have known you."

"You haven't changed in the least degree," he said gallantly, shaking her hand between both his. "Why, it seems only yesterday that we said 'goodby' at your sister's garden party."

His tone was gruff, but hearty, and somewhat above the normal pitch, and she managed to catch a word here and there as she watched his lips anxiously, holding the fan to her own.

"Yes er—I have a little garden here," she rejoined hesitatingly. "But come and sit down. I want to hear all about yourself and your campaigns. Of course I learned a great deal from the papers, but it isn't the same as a personal narrative, so you must just tell me from the very beginning. She seated herself opposite him, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"Really, Celia—I may call you the old name may I not?—there is nothing to tell, just the usual changes from hill stations to the plains, and vice versa; then the outbreak, which we quelled after some sharp fighting and losing some of our best fellows, and that is all. You don't suppose," he resumed in a lower tone, "that I've come here, directly I set foot in the old country, to talk about my campaigns?"

She heard the note of interrogation and dropped her eyes rather disconcertedly, murmuring an unintelligible monosyllable.

"I want to talk of something far more interesting," he continued softly—"that concerns you as well as myself. You've no idea what pleasure it is to see you again—and to find that you—that you are not married."

"Really?" she exclaimed after a slight pause, cleverly simulating surprise in her tone.

"Yes, it has always been in my thought," he rejoined eagerly, his courage rising. "I should have spoken before I went away, but do you remember remarking once that you never intended to marry unless the man who asked you had something more to his credit than a banking account. That was why I exchanged and went abroad. I did think of writing when I was out there, but until these frontier affairs were quite settled I thought it fairer not to ask you to tie yourself to me, as if I'd been hit it might have been a blow to you. Of course that was taking for granted you cared a little for me." And he concluded smiling rather shame facedly.

"Indeed!" She smiled also, feigning astonishment.

"Now, confess, Celia, this is not altogether a surprise to you. Even if it is—you do not find it disagreeable?"

"Dear me—how strange!" she exclaimed hesitatingly, after a slight pause, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face, while she bit the tip of her fan nervously.

She broke the silence at last with a little regretful sigh.

"Is that all? It is most interesting."

"Ah, Celia," he sighed, "you are just as tantalizing and stand-offish as ever, but—I like you all the better for it." And he leaned forward with an admiring glance at the fair face and shapely head, crowned with neat dark brown coils.

"Yes, many people have told me the same," she replied complacently, catching the end of his sentence, and noting the appreciative glance, she concluded that he alluded to the modern style of hairdressing she had adopted. "But you needn't be stand-offish with an old-er-admirer," he added quietly and reproachfully.

"I—I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded hastily, fearing he had been too precipitate. "What a charming room this is!"

"Now you must have some tea," she said, after rather an awkward pause, laying down her fan, and moving to the table. "Being an old maid I'm rather fussy, so you must not talk while I am making it—it distracts my attention," she added with a forced little laugh.

He watched her with growing pleasure as her hands busied with the cups, the lamp rays touching the gold in her hair.

"It's like old times, watching you make tea, Celia. I wish it would be my privilege always."

"I told you not to talk," she said with playful severity.

"But I must. Don't be so tantalizing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea till I've had your answer, till you've promised in fact—" his voice dropped to an earnest whisper, and he crossed the room to her side, "to be my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered.

"Er—er—in fact, of course, scarcely in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," he exclaimed, "what on earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw by his face that something was wrong, and her agitation increased when he commenced to pace restlessly about the room, muttering to himself in an undertone:

"Ever since I've been abroad I've lived and worked in the hope of one day winning you, but now it seems as though"—

She looked up puzzled. "What did you say?" she asked desperately "I did not quite catch it, but it is your fault. I told you not to talk while I made tea—two lumps of sugar, isn't it? You see, I've remembered the correct number—and half the cream jug—you were always terribly greedy, colonel! There!" She handed him the cup and caught up her fan. "Now you must begin all over again. I don't think you've lost the spice of humor" And she flashed a nervous little smile over the top of the fan.

"Celia," he said slowly, raising his voice till it rang, through the room, "this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt expression frightened and bewildered her; with a gesture of despair she turned away.

"If only it hadn't been for the moustache!" she murmured, half audibly.

"Moustache!" he exclaimed eagerly, hopefulness starting into his tone. "Is that your objection? How I wish I had known before I came! But I'll have it off directly."

He was standing beside her again, and now he rested his hand on her shoulder; but she shrank from his touch and turned away, half crying and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have managed, but I shall have to tell. I can't go on like this," she sobbed.

"Tell me what? That there is some one else?"

He turned abruptly away, and flung himself in his armchair, burying his face in his hands.

"Just my luck," he said brokenly.

"But it's hard after all this time, and now when it seemed all plain sailing to hear that—that—I have a rival. But," reproachfully, "you needn't have kept me so long in suspense, Celia."

A moment's silence followed. Then she left her seat and walked to the fireplace and stood looking down at him, toying nervously with her fan,

"I can't hear what you say," she said at last desperately, flinging the fan from her. "I should have told you—I am deaf, but I couldn't bear to use my ear trumpet just at first, because I thought you would regret having come. I know men have a horror of deaf old maids."

She laughed hysterically as she produced the trumpet from the little bag at her side and adjusted it.

"It was just my silly pride," she continued quickly, "and I thought I could manage with my fan. You see, it has this tube in the center, which carries the sound through my lips—and then—I understand lip-reading—if it hadn't been that your moustache conceals your"—

"Is that all?" he interrupted eagerly, starting up and placing his hands on her shoulder. "There isn't anybody else?"

"Anybody else, where?" she asked, bewildered.

"I mean any one you care more for than me—whom you intend marrying?"

"N—no—" she faltered, the color rushing into her cheeks; "but what an odd question."

"Not at all," he answered delightedly. "Can't you guess, Celia, what I have been asking you, or—" and his eyes twinkled merrily—"shall I begin all over again?"

But it was scarcely necessary, for though she blushed still deeper she did not resist when he took her hands in his.—*From "Mainly About People."*

Royal Kitchens.

In Windsor Castle kitchen the king has copper and silver utensils worth something like £9,000, while on fittings alone George II. expended the sum of £10,000 in order to satisfy his cook.

But the cream of kitchens is owned by the Czar of Russia, who, soon after his accession to the throne, spent £80,000 in remodeling and refurnishing his kitchen at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. All the cooking utensils are of solid silver, while the spice boxes are of solid gold. His chief cook draws a salary of £8,000 per annum, and he has six subordinates in receipt of salaries ranging between £1,000 and £1,500—to say nothing of hundreds of supernumeraries. Altogether the Czar's kitchen expenses amount to £120,000 yearly.

The Shah of Persia's kitchen is the most valuable in the world, if not the most expensive. The Shah could, if he wished, realize more than a million pounds of sterling on the sale of the contents of his kitchen. His food is cooked in gold lined pots, and he eats his dinner off solid gold plates incrusted with precious stones of priceless value. His jeweled knives and forks are said to be worth thousands of pounds, while his marvelous "state" soup tureen is worth a half a dozen large fortunes. *London Tid-Bits.*

A Methodist preacher at Dahlonega, Georgia, does all his owns work, chops wood builds the fire milks the cow, does his own cooking when his wife is away, and, suffering from the toothache, he borrowed the dentist's grabs and pulled his own tooth.

FANWOOD.

Celebrating the Birthday of the Immortal George.

BOYS AND GIRLS EN MASQUE.

Costumes and Costumed.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The most important event of the past week was the masquerade ball, held on the evening of Washington's birthday, February 22d. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Misses Buchard, Buckingham, Barrager, Hall, Smith, L. Turner, M. Kipp, and Captains Stern and Renner.

The masquerade was held in the girls' sitting-room, which was decorated with large American flags and bunting of the Fanwood colors. At half past seven o'clock the couples were made up and marched into the sitting-room. Below are those who wore costumes, and their characters:—

Dressed to represent the great man whose birthday it was, and his wife, Martha Washington, leading the procession, were Max Kisberg and Minnie Kipp.

A winsome little Grecian lady, dressed in a charming costume.—Edna Bennett.

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, upon a summer day.—Ruby Beir.

Two Dominos, one a red, the other a black and diamond, Dora Hopfer and Annie Bonoff.

Four Japanese ladies, in perfect Oriental costumes.—Misses N. Wallace, N. Kelly, Annie Muller and E. Bailey.

Samuel Greenberg and Sarah McKeown were two rag pickers who did not find any rags to pick that evening.

Two army nurses, ready to lend a helping hand, but who found their services unnecessary.—Misses H. Andrews and Winnie Clark.

A hod-carrier and his wife, the prize beauty of Erin's Isle—Michael Elliott and Jacob Schwartz.

The same old Yellow Kid who is always everywhere.—B. Zwoffe.

King James, dressed in his ermine cape and robes of state, with two little pages holding his robe.—Messrs. James Seelig, Thomas Travers and George Gompers.

Miss Dora Wolfersteig and Robert Annett wore newspaper costumes, containing the names of almost every daily paper in the city.

A scarlet poppy, conspicuous everywhere she went, and one of the objects of admiration.—Miss Hall.

Two dudes whose clothes kept us awake all night.—Jacob Amnuth and Samuel Goldstein.

A cowgirl and cowboy in appropriate costumes and bristling with artificial ammunition.—Annie Moore and Adolph Duerr.

A football hero with an inscription on his back, which turned out to be the old chestnut: "Yale 12, Princeton 0."—Samuel Cohen.

The Fanwood twins dressed exactly alike and always doing the same things.—Goldie Narkir and Mary Tanzas.

G. Rubien, Olive Sprague, Miss Moers, Stafford Dingman, and Mr. Clarke were ghosts of whom nobody was afraid.

Two Indians, dressed in paint and feathers, a reminiscence of the days of George Washington—Alexander Siegel and Mendel Rosenberg. Miss McGirr was also dressed up as Pocohontas.

Fred King was a broncho buster. His bronco pranced around the room trying to unseat its rider, but in vain

Miss Alice Judge was one of those up-to-date girls whose chief interest seems to be centered in automobiles and ice-cream soda.

Four winsome and merry school girls, dressed in the Institution uniform, were Misses Burchard, Newman, Berry, and Smith.

Miss Robie was a nurse who knew little or nothing about medicine, except to be gay.

Summer girls in pretty gowns, who received the undivided attention of the dudes, were Miss Currier and May Hoffman. Albert Dempsey was also dressed up as a summer girl.

Farmer Rube, just arrived from Germany, but carrying a bag labeled with the names of the chief cities of the United States, was personated by George Rau.

Ever ready to shine anyone's shoes, Alfred Barry was a bootblack.

Samuel McAllister was a Chinese Mandarin, looking very grave and carrying an important air.

Catherine Pederson and Bessie Fink were pretty Dutch girls

Unknown to everyone but herself, Miss Buckingham was a delightful Study in Red and White.

Miss Hanmer was a pretty Spanish senorita, though she failed to attract the attention of Senor Ucanbez, a Spanish aristocrat.—A. Berg.

The seasons of Spring and Winter were represented by Fannie Lipnitsky and Mary Acker.

Two policemen were W. Watkins and S. Gerson, and they kept order well.

Osmond Loew was an organ grinder whose money cup was filled with lots of buttons and a few studs.

The Man from Florida, whose measurement was six by four feet, was Welsey Van Tassell, and he also did drummer's duties.

Henry Droppe and Samuel Friedman made up an elephant and did their part well.

An artist whose specialty was to paint portraits of beauties, was I. Drake.

Robert Westlake was a portly and somber Major of Guards.

Mr. Jones went around disguised as a Boy playing Doctor.

A baseball man in uniform and with a placard glued to his back upon which was "Fanwood 13, Gallaudet 9," was James McBride.

There were two Uncle Sams present, and they were Samuel Tompeto and Robert Eldredge.

Misses E. Miller and M. Brewer were sailor lassies, who had never been on the sea.

Hannah Frey has always lived beside the sea, because she was a Seaside girl.

Eunice Brewer, M. Schwab and D. Pearce were each a Red Riding Hood, apparently on a visit to Fred Einsfeld, who was a Grandmother.

Miss S. Zablow impersonated a dainty Chinese lady in a silk tea gown.

A news girl, whose cry of "Extra," fell on ears that knew no sound, was S. Prager.

M. Miller was a butterfly that would delight the heart of any naturalist

A Lady of the 16th Century, although the time is several centuries past, she (H. Klain) seems to have preserved her beauty well.

Everard Smith was another Farmer hailing from Waybackville. Fortunately for him there were not any gold brick swindlers present

Prince Henry, if he was present, would find himself outclassed in splendor of dress if compared with Prince Leo Solomon.

Erich Berg was a messenger boy who broke the record by reading four dime novels that evening.

Two students whose brains combined, knew every page of Latin and Greek, but not how to spell their own names.—Miss M. Attig and Benjamin Silvermond.

August Muhlbach and Adolph Buhl were a very recently married couple out on their honeymoon.

Sadie Koplick and E. Thorman were two two Follies, who never did anything faultless.

Two witches had just finished cleaning the moon, and came down that evening in the persons of K. Cheren and L. Lee.

Cinderella was also present in the person of Clara Lewis, but no slipper was found. Probably it was so small that it was not noticed.

Lillie Jacobs was a Flower Girl with a lot of artificial violets, roses and carnations to sell.

The Quakers were not forgotten. William Penn and a Quakeress were Frederick Berger and Jennie Schachter.

Jacob Lovitch was a Black Beauty that would win the prize at any country fair.

A colored-servant, eighty-six years, eleven months, three weeks and six days old, was Ferdinand Berg.

Miss Wells was an exquisite milkmaid drawing the admiration of everyone.

Henry Plapinger's welcome would have been better and more sincere had he been a real mail carrier.

Louis Kutner was a waiter, who did not wait to talk or dance with anybody.

Three men from India, the land of rubies and spices, were Joseph Zeiss, Max Weisberg and Charles Seigel, all dressed in real costumes.

Aunt Dinah, a nigger baby, two Topsies, consisted of the colored population at the ball. They were Ida Bucher, L. Lefi, S. Plant and Miss MacDowell.

E. Shelly was a Swedish peasant, and S. Rubien was dressed up as a child of the same nationality.

A country girl, who was not at least awed by the brilliancy of the ball was Miss Burgess.

Paul Dittmar and J. Byck were two old maids, and were also coquettes.

As a brawny Turk, with bronzed face and arms, and with his turban over his shoulders, Frank Girsch stalked proudly about the room.

Mildred Wood and S. Koplowitz wore costumes of Spanish dancers, and their clothes could be heard three-fourths of a mile away.

Miss B. Woolner wore the plain every-day clothes of one of the teachers, but so well disguised was she, that very few recognized her.

K. Christegau was one of those summer girls, who go to the seashore and don very pretty bathing costumes, but never go in the water above their ankles.

Fannie Bohart was a charming morning toilette.

Miss E. Howe was a golf girl, without any caddy, and she had to shoulder a bag with twenty-eight sticks and no balls in it.

A Puritan solemnly wending his way to church, was Harry Holmes. He was surprised to find himself in a ball room instead, and wanted to go out. But after a while he concluded it better to remain there, rather than to listen to one of those old four-hour sermons.

Thomas Geffers put a pillow under his coat to exactly represent one of those West Point cadets.

A grim, oily engineer, just come to enjoy himself, after his day's labor in the engine cab, was William Strachan.

Miss A. Neder's character was Aunt Tabby. It is hardly possible any one would like her for an aunt.

Robert E. Maynard represented "The Breath of Spring." His make up was a gown of white with flowing cape, on which were poetical quotations, while all over the gown were bunches of roses, violets buttercups and pansies, and the green shoots of the trailing arbutus found foothold all over the gown.

Another milk maid pausing here and there on her way to milk the cows was Miss L. Cerny.

Louise Turner's make up was a likeness of Kate Greenway, in an old-fashioned costume.

A basketball player who had traveled all over the United States.—Herman Plapinger.

Mrs. Wilcox was Aunt Chloe, carrying half of a big watermelon, which she did not even taste.

John Heil was a baker's errand boy.

Miss Steadman was a Burmese girl; and Miss Forsythe, one who delighted in the game of tennis.

As one dressed in every feminine article possible to be put on, Mr. Cook was the center of a large crowd of admirers, until he unmasked, and then——

After the masquerade was well under way, three clowns arrayed in gowns exactly alike to the minutest details, suddenly came into the room blowing fish horns; and danced about those who they took a choice to, much to the victim's discomfort, were Henry Powell, Alfred Stern and William Renner.

The masquerade was announced only a week before, and the time was very short for the making of costumes. None were hired, as no risks were to be taken with sickness. Nevertheless the masquerade turned out to be a very great success. The costumes were very good and a great many were excellent pieces of workmanship. Such a good time was being had, that to all it seemed too soon when bed time came. Entering the room, the procession marched around several times and then broke up, everyone trying to find out who the other was. After a while dancing was had and others enjoyed themselves in their own way. The masquerade of last Saturday was the first one for a period of three years, and one of the best ones ever had.

The rain, wind and snow made it unpleasant outside last week. There was also some damage done around the Institution. The telephone wires are down, and many trees have been stripped of several large branches. The rain and snow coated the trees with ice, and when the sun shone they glittered like diamonds.

Cadet Osmond Loew went to see the theatrical play of "Foxy Grandpa," on Saturday last, at the 14th Street Theatre.

W. R.

A Humane Banker.

The Hon. Lyman J. Gage, the outgoing Secretary of the Treasury, is noted for his kindness of heart and good judgment. The following story is told of him:

To a Chicago bank president in his office one day, entered a man with a hesitating step. He was a wholesale grocer, supposed by the trade to be pretty well-to-do.

"Unless I can have some aid from you, I am ruined," said he. "Your bank holds my paper for $40,000, which begins to mature next week. I have had one extension already and your cashier tells me there is no use of applying for another. I have seen this thing coming but hoped to avert it."

"What are your assets?" asked the president.

"I have a stock of goods on hand worth several times my debts, but they are slow, and sold under the hammer, they would not clear me." He drew from his pocket an inentry which corroborated his statement.

The president thought a moment, and then said:

"You have always been a straightforward man, and I am willing to back you for another extension, but on one condition: If you do not succeed as you hope, you are to come to me before anyone else and tell me of your failure."

"Several weeks later the merchant entered the same office, haggard and forlorn. "I can keep up the struggle no longer," said he. "I have not slept for six or seven nights. I must go to the wall, and, as I promised you, I am here to tell you first of my defeat."

"Have the conditions changed any since your last visit?"

"No, I could sell out at cost today and have a comfortable sum to the good. But I cannot endure the strain. I would rather face bankruptcy and done with it."

The bank president rose and put his hand on his visitor's shoulder saying: "Go home and go to sleep. Get your good night's rest hereafter. I am going to stand behind you and see you through if you will follow my advice."

The merchant followed the advice inplicitly. His credit was saved, he retired with a snug little sum in bank, and was able to invest his money so as to insure at least subsistence for his family. To this day he cherishes the warmest remembrance of Lyman J. Gage as a bank president.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

No Squeaking Shoes.

"Squeaking shoes," said a dealer, "are no more, though, of course, you haven't noticed it. Stop a minute, though, and think. Isn't it true that for years you haven't come across a squeaking shoe? The thing that caused the trouble was a loose piece of leather in the sole. This, as you walked, worked somewhat like a bellows or an accordeon, and great was the sound thereof. All shoes are now sewed—many of them used to be pegged—and sewing does away with any loose pieces of leather in the sole and, therefore, with the squeak as well."—*Canadian Shoe and Leather Journal.*

Olive orchards in Arizona are yielding a fruit superior to the imported.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1902.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

MR. JAMES W. HOWSON, as a literary luminary, shines regularly and with increasing refulgence in the *California News*. We understand he is a deaf man, and we acknowledge that he is a keen observer, a deep thinker, and has more than a modicum of "common sense." His views of matters concerning the deaf may not always be original in either presentation or treatment, but they are always straightforward and convincing. We have reprinted several articles that emanated from his pen, and the subjoined is presented for the thoughtless few, who seem to think that newspapers are made solely as vehicles of impertinent personalities and inconsequential gossip:

The placing before the deaf of reading matter which chronicles the success of others laboring under handicaps similar to their own, cannot be too highly commended.

There is a paper called *Success*, which does the same for the American youth at large. Of course there are no Carnegies or Morgans amongst the deaf, but there are many who have risen to comparative eminence in the professions and trades. To bring these examples up before children in the institutions is all very well in its way, but I do not think the results begin to compare with the effect produced by putting the same facts before the adult deaf. The average child in school does not reason seriously about anything except what immediately concerns his present mode of existence. The deaf in the world without, who are perhaps finding that the road to success does not correspond to the roseate views with which they beheld it in their youth, are in a position to think more clearly about these matters of life. Too often, when the struggle for existence becomes keen, they are apt to throw the entire responsibility of this state of affairs upon their deafness, and give up in despair. It is just at this critical time that the example of other deaf, who have been in a similar position and succeeded, should be brought to their notice. This is what the three great chroniclers of news about the deaf, THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, *The Deaf-Mutes' Register*, and *The Deaf World*, are doing. Not a week goes by which does not notice the successful rise in business of some deaf-mute. The following, gathered from various sources, will illustrate the same:

The Regensburg-Hamburger Printing Co., of which the senior member is deaf, has just contracted a four years' lease on its new quarters in Chicago at an annual rental of $7,000.

A graduate of the Georgia school is now foreman of a harness shop at a salary of $200 per month.

H. C. Olwin is now assistant cashier of the Pacific Express Co., in East St. Louis.

William Lipgens, a deaf-mute has been imported from Europe by Tiffany and Co., of New York, as a skilled worker in chasing, engraving, and enameling gold and silver.

Not long ago Marshall Field and Co., of Chicago, received an order for a $2000 cloak, which they at once turned over to a deaf-mute employee to be filled.

At the annual award of prizes given by the Eddystone Manufacturing Company, of Pennsylvania, for the best ideas suggested and the best work performed during the year, the first prize of $50.00 was bestowed upon Charles Partington, a deaf-mute. This company employs over a thousand hands and occupies a mile of river front below Philadelphia.

The Strowyer Automatic Telephone Co., of Chicago, employs ten deaf-mutes, one of whom is a foreman.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Ball Team to Tour at Easter.

THE CO-EDS HAD A HOP.

Matters of the Moment.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24.—Manager Cyril A. Painter, '02, has at last completed his schedule of games for the proposed Easter trip of the team, and it now remains with the Gallaudet College Athletic Association board to approve of it. This Easter trip is a new departure, and at first sight looked somewhat risky to many students, who have consequently discussed it thoroughly. At present it does not seem so risky after all, and a majority of the students seem to be in favor of it. Our Easter vacation begins immediately upon the completion of the examinations, March 26. The same night, the team will leave over the Southern R. R. for Greensboro, N. C., where they change for Chapel Hill, arriving in the morning. In the afternoon, they play the University of North Carolina. The following day, they go to West Raleigh to play the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. March 29th, they will be at Wake Forest, playing Wake Forest College. March 31st will find the team at Durham, contesting with Trinity College, and on All Fool's Day, they will put in an appearance at Oak Ridge, not to fool, but to play the Oak Ridge Institute. This last game completes the schedule and the team returns home April 2d, in time to play Gettysburg College on the home grounds. We have at least five men who have each made a good showing in the pitcher's box, viz: Rosson, Painter and Waters, '02; McDonough and Escherich, K. S. Rosson and McDonough will, however, be mostly relied upon. The former is too well known to need any comment. As to the latter, he has been an amateur player from his earlier years, his most brilliant work having been accomplished in the pitcher's box. That is what those on Kendall Green who have seen him play say, and therefore we naturally expect much from him. As to Waters and Painter, their work has often been good. They have been chiefly used in the minor games, but should Rosson and McDonough break down, or become indisposed in any one of the big games, they can be substituted with some hope of a fair showing. All of the above pitchers are having regular indoor practice, and will be in form by the time the season opens. Most of the other candidates are utilizing the swimming pool with a ball and bat for indoor practice. It is confidently expected that the team will make the trip without incurring any debts. Mr. Painter has secured enough guarantees to cover all expenses. In case of rain two colleges will give only half, while the other three will still pay in full. If it should really happen to rain in all five places, and the respective managers be true to their word, then the team will come out even. Otherwise not. Here's hoping for a successful tour and may our showing also be good.

Prof. Amos G. Draper lectured to the students last Friday evening, taking for his subject, "The United States Coast and Goedetic Survey." He told of an incident in his life, which happened some years ago, while he was outing in Maine, and one of the charts issued by this department enabled him to escape, being enveloped in a fog on the Atlantic. The lecture was instructive, and appreciated.

A sample of the class pin adopted by 1904 has arrived, and it is a very pretty one. Speaking of class pins reminds us of the fact that 1905 has already adopted one, while 1903 is still debating as to which is the most appropriate one. When class pins came into vogue at Gallaudet, it had been the custom to decide upon one in the Junior year, for it was not until then that the real members of the graduating class were agreed upon. Most students, after having reached their Junior year come back to complete the course. Below that a good many drop out year by year, while the Freshman class is often increased by new additions. Hence an accurate list of those who compose a certain class cannot be decided upon until the Junior year. Of course, there are exceptions, but what we've said is the rule. For this reason, we would prefer seeing class pins adopted during the Junior year.

The Geology class is having a hard tussle with those scientific names of rocks and minerals. Not one in the class was able to spell correctly "argillaceous." Sample: arigillomerate, arigillocous, etc.

The blizzard which raged in the northern parts of the country did not strike Washington. But Friday, we had a light fall of snow, rain and sleet. The streets of Washington were almost deserted, for one could not venture out without rubber boots, overcoat and umbrella.

At last we have found the reason why Hughes, '03, always takes the coffee from the Sophomore's table. All know that there is a club called the "700 Club," composed of four Sophs., viz: H. D. Drake, F. J. Neesam, Arthur Roberts and J. C. Winemiller. They are ardent advocates of physical culture, total abstinence from all that is injurious, and faithful disciples of Bernarr Macfadden. They are trying to convert others to theirs views by examples; they will not drink tea or coffee, nor eat anything that tends to undermine the health; everything that passes into their mouths is subject to 700 "jaws," whence the name of the club. Hughes is aware of all this, and argues that since they do not drink coffee, there must be much left in the pot, and hence it is warmer.

The *Buff and Blue* for February has already gone to the press, and will probably be out by Wednesday next.

Mr. Gaw was showing around some orientals from a legation in this city, last Monday. They were dressed like Chinamen, but might be either Koreans or Japanese. George Schaefer, '02, did not recognize them.

A new electric alarm has been installed in Room No. 29, by Howe Phelps, '05. It knocks everyone of those cumbersome contrivances in the other students' room all to hollow.

The invitation of the University of Pennsylvania, to send a relay team to Philadelphia next summer, has been accepted, but it is not yet certain whether a team will be sent or not. We are going to kick against John Hopkins being placed in our class. It is obviously unfair. Anybody who knows the athletic standing of J. H. U. and Gallaudet will agree with us. We hope the authorities will see about the matter.

We suppose the readers of the JOURNAL would like to have something new, so we give it here. It came from the other side of the house and was therefore invented by the restless, mirth-loving, jolly co-eds. They are always looking for novelties, and each year sees them having some new kind of amusement. Last Saturday was the anniversary of George Washington's birth, and to celebrate it, our co-eds gave a grand ball in their dining room. It was profusely decorated with—well, er—our informant forgot to say what. The dance programs were the finest we have yet seen, and were handsomely decorated with the national and college colors. The Seniors and Juniors, with the addition of Misses Peet, Patterson, Greener and Frederick, dressed like gentlemen, while the Sophomores, Freshmen and Ducks, appeared in white organdie, etc. Music was furnished by whom our informant again forgot to say. The dances selected were as varied as the colors in Joseph's coat, which shows that they knew "variety is the spice of life." It lasted three hours, beginning at eight o'clock. The regulation ice-cream and cake were served during the intermission. All in all it eclipsed the latest dance given by the students, so says our informant. It is to be regretted the clog dance, spirit dance, snake dance, and all the other dances invented by men, were omitted from the program. However, those given sufficed. We give them here for your delectation:

1. Virginia Reel.....George Washington
2. Waltz.....Marquis La Fayette
3. Dutch Waltz.....Rip Van Winkle
4. Two Step.....Thomas Jefferson
5. English Waltz.....Lord Cornwallis

Intermission, Twenty minutes.

6. Quadrille.....Patrick Henry
7. Two Step.....Alexander Hamilton
8. War Dance.....Tecumseh
9. Waltz.....Benjamin Franklin
10. Minuet.....Martha Washington

Extra.—Cake Walk.

W. F. SCHNEIDER.

Rev. Mr. C. Orvis Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Second Sunday of each month, 11: 0 A.M., Holy Communion.
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 2D.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Holy Communion in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, is postponed until further notice.

Sociable in St. Ann's Guild room, Tuesday evening, March 4th.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

A tremendous crowd turned out to greet the "Silent Five" in the Thirty-Second Separate Company's Armory, on Saturday evening, February 22d. The game was nip and tuck all through, and the spectators do not recall of having seen such a fast game ever played here before. The score at the end was 8 to 2 in favor of the 32d Separate Company. The entire audience would rise on their feet whenever a basket was attempted, only to sit down again when the ball dropped to the floor. Time after time the "Silent Five" would throw for the basket, but fate was against them. The ball would roll around the circle of the basket, only to drop to the floor, with a deafening shout from the friends of the Company. Muench almost threw several baskets, and had he more assistance, he would have thrown them all. It is to be regretted that the best players went to Schenectady, N. Y., to play a game the same evening.

It is amusing to hear the Troy, N. Y., correspondent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL mention the fact that the writer was misinformed. Claiming that the "Silent Five" were to play in Schenectady, N. Y, February 22d, instead of Hoosick Falls. The town was advertised all over three weeks ago of the coming of the "Silent Five," and the local newspapers had an item in them to remind the public of the fact for a month past.

Mr. Connerton, when you write again to the JOURNAL, do not forget that the Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club has over one hundred members, and could put four basket-ball teams in the field, if necessary.

Mr. Edward Curtis wishes it to be known that he never wrote such a letter that the Troy correspondent mentions of in the JOURNAL, which has no foundation in it whatsoever, and knows nothing of a party that was held at Mr. Burt's house. It is time the Troy correspondent should drop such silly nonsense, and not talk through his hat. Whenever a party is to be held, and if Curtis is desired, he should be reminded of the fact two weeks before as well as where it is to be held and when.

Misses Vina and Virginia Allen, of Clay Hill, were callers on Mrs. E. C. Lortie, Sunday last.

It looks as if Rutland, Vt., will, in spite of all, get the N. E. G. A. The Bennington, Vt., *Banner* mentions the fact that the city of Rutland, Vt., is to have a new $100,000 depot this Spring, and the Rutland R. R. shops at Malone, N. Y., which were recently destroyed by fire, are to be moved to Rutland, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. David McDonald, of Hogansburgh, N. Y., formerly pupils of the Malone, N. Y, School, write that they intend moving to Whitehall, N. Y., Mrs. McDonald's old home.

Ed. Curtis contemptlates taking a trip to Malone, N. Y., this Spring.

E. C. L.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

The Trustees of the Wyoming Valley Society of the Deaf, recently notified two of the members who had not paid their dues for several years, that it was about time for them to settle up, or they (the Trustees) would have to adopt some way to make them do so. This was some time ago, but they have both since paid their dues in full, and then resigned as members. They think themselves now independent by not being members. We, with the members of the society are of a different opinion, but they have a perfect right to do as they please.

On Saturday before Lent, Mr. and Mrs. James Byron were given a party by their friends. An enjoyable evening was spent, supper was served and full justice done. Games were played and conversation and jokes reigned supreme till the 'wee sma' hours, when the guests departed for their various homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dress and family, of Barney Street, were at Nanticoke, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brown, last Saturday. They returned home the next day (Sunday).

Mr. and Mrs. James Byron visited the latter's cousin two weeks ago at Ashley.

Mr. Harry Leibsohn, of this place, who went to New York to visit relatives on February 14th, has returned home.

Miss Minnie Black expects to return to her home in Nicholson, Pa., on the first of March. Early next summer she may again be with Wilkesbarre's silent community.

Feb. 20, 1902. PROFESSOR.

CAN'T STOP DAUGHTER.

Anthony Best has appealed to the County Clerk to prevent the marriage of his daughter with a dumb man.

The daughter is twenty-two years old and the old man was told the marriage could not be prevented by anyone other than the daughter or the mute sweetheart. "It seems to me there should be some law to let me stop her," said Best. "I don't want her to marry a man who can't talk. If he could talk it would be all right, but I don't like a man who can't talk."

Best said his daughter did not understand the sign language, and when asked how the young people had managed to make love he gave the problem up.—*New York Journal.*

NEWS FROM DENVER, COL.

Mr. George W. Williams, carpenter, from Topeka, Kas., has returned from Flower, Col., where he was called by the death of his mother. In a few days he expects to leave for Greeley, where he will work on several new dwellings until October.

An interesting engagement announced recently was that of Miss Eissel Dier to Mr. F. Yelsel.

It is rumored that the Dixon Ranch Co. will appoint a new farm hand, and chances are said to favor John Homer Howlett.

Jacob Rode is working at the Globe Smelting Co., as usual, and doing well. In the spring he expects to leave for the mountains for his health, and may be absent for one or two years.

Mr. Rickey, carpenter, from Michigan, and Mr. Lewis E. Garrison, painter, from South Dakota, are working at the Pullman Car Shops. It is said that it is not difficult for any intelligent mute, who has a good trade, to find work there.

William Horton is still working at Kindell's Mattress factory. He says there is plenty of work for any deaf mattress-maker, who is a union man.

W. D. Brittell, an expert shoemaker from Illinois, who conducted his shoeshop at 22d Avenue and Washington Street, is out of business, but it is understood that he will open a first class painting shop and plate works in a short time.

Mr. C. Lemaster, baker, from Peoria, Ill., says that he expects to leave for the East.

Mr. Jas. E. Roger wrote to us, saying that he has a good job as a section man at Boulder, Colo., and expects to remain there indefinitely.

Mr. John Moore, better-known as "Old Alphabet Moore," is still peddling manual alphabet cards and working at the Brown Hotel as dishwasher. It is said that he has been peddling cards over nine years at ten cents each.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, wealthy farmers, who came from Iowa, are doing well and say that Colorado is good enough for them.

Mr. E. W. Smith, from New York, runs a large rabbitry and has many Belgian hares, valued from $10 to $150 each. He also has a poultry farm, and is doing well.

Mrs. Mary Howlette has gone to the Dixon ranch, where she will remain for one two months.

The Denver Deaf Christian Association, a new society, was organized at the Y. M. C. A., recently, and the officers were elected as follows: E. W. Smith, President; Mrs. H. Reid, Vice President; Jno H. Howlett, Secretary; F. L. Reid, Treasurer; W. D. Brittell, Usher. Hereafter the Association will have religious service regularly.

Denver has over sixty deaf-mutes, and five of them own their homes, valued at from $1000 to $2000. They are W. D. Brittell, $1000; F. L. Reid, $2000; L. E. Garrison, $1000; J. H. Howlett, $2000, and Mr. McGinity, $2000.

Mrs. Emma Oliver, from Illinois, expects to move to Florida soon, where she has a position as book agent. She may remain there for one year.

Mr. F. L. Reid works at the capitol, as usual.

BLACK FARMER.

A Very Precocious Man.

When President Roosevelt was in Philadelphia to witness the Army and Navy football game, he had his attention called to an advertisement in an afternoon paper which made him smile, and realize perhaps his own experience before he became President was wofully inadequate. The advertisement ran: "A young man, of 23 years, would like employment, such as manager; 4 years' experience assistant superintendent; 3 years' experience receiving clerk; also with real estate agent and Justice of the Peace, and has successfully written the Lord's Prayer in the space of a dime; good reference." After reading it over Mr. Roosevelt remarked that he had often heard of Philadelphia as a city of prodigies, but that he never before realized the precocious activity of its people so thoroughly. A man, who, at twenty-three, had for four years been an assistant superintendent, three years a receiving clerk, had experience with a real estate agent and Justice of Peace, and likewise found time to write the Lord's Prayer in the space of a dime, was a person who would anywhere else be considered remarkable.

Peter Minuet, the first Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, 1624–33, purchased the whole of Manhattan Island of the Indians for 60 guilders, or about $24.

Tableaux Vivants, given by the deaf, are often funny affairs in the living pictures they represent. They are said to have originated with Madam de Genlis when she was tutoress to the children of the Duke of Orleans.

Empire of the Ottoman Turks.

Many centuries ago, what is now Turkey in Europe, was known as Roumelia, and Turkey in Asia was called Anatolia, which is Asia Minor. Anatolia and Palestine had been a part of the Greek Empire whose capital was Constantinople. Many provinces of the Empire were lost to the Greeks by the incursions of hordes of ruthless Mongol Tartars, who invaded the country for pillage. In the Thirteenth Century much of the country was divided up into petty kingdoms, ruled by robber chiefs, who were often at war with each other for conquest of territory, for plunder and for prisoners to be used, or sold, as slaves. The people were partly Christians, mostly of the Greek Church, and Seljukian Turks, so called from their patriarch Seljuk Khan.

About 1250 A. D., part of a tribe of Oghouz Turks, otherwise Huns or Sythians, consisting of 400 families and an armed force of 450 horsemen, made their way from the upper steppes of Asia into Anatolia, for a more temperate climate and better land. In their progress they came on two armies engaged in battle. Their Chief, Ertoghrul, with his horsemen, in a spirit of chivalry, charged desperately on the stronger army, and put them to flight. They were roving Mongols, the worst enemies of neighboring nations. The army relieved by the opportune succor was that of Alaeddin, Sejukian Sultan of Iconium. Alaeddin, in gratitude, gave Ertoghrul a province, and in time gave him large increase of territory for further services in war.

Ertoghrul died in 1288, and his son Osman, or Othman, as English historians call him, succeeded him as Chief. He made many conquests, in addition to the territory his father left him, partly at the expense of rival chiefs, but more largely by wresting fortresses and provinces from the Greek Empire. After the death of the last prince of the family of Alaeddin, in 1307, Othman was the most powerful Chief in all Anatolia. He is regarded as the ancestor of the present Ottoman dynasty, and the founder of the Turkisk Empire. From him the Turks call themselves "Osmanlis."

Othman I. died in 1326, and his son Orchan succeeded him. Murad, or Amurath I. came to the throne on the death of his father Orchan, in 1359. Both had extended their territory, and Amurath made many conquests on the European side of the Hellespont. In 1361 he captured the great city of Adrianople, which thereafter was the Turkish capital until Constantinople was wrested from the Greek Emperor, in 1453. The Turks were Mahometans, and in their invasions of Christian nations, they were met by grand efforts in resistance.

In one battle 15,000 Turks were killed. But the Ottomans, reinforced, took Schumla, Tirnova, Pravadi and Nicopolis. The allies sued for peace, which was granted on the cession of Silistria and Bulgaria to the Turks.

The King of Servia collected his vassals, and reinforced by Poles, Hungarians and Wallachians, gave battle to the Turks on the plain of Kossova. The Turks won a great victory and the Servian King, falling into their hands, was beheaded. Amurath was killed in the fight. He had led the van, with his sons Bajazet and Yacoub, commanding the right and left wings respectively. Yacoub was a valiant warrior and had fought gallantly in the battle. But Bajazet, over the corpse of his father Amurath, ordered his brother seized and beheaded instantly.

This fratricide was afterwards justified by the Moslems on the theory that as there was but one God, there should be but one ruler on the throne, with no possibility of any one in line of succession to revolt and displace him. The murder of Yacoub established a precedent, legalizing all future murders of Turkish princes who were eligible for succession to the throne. The first act of Sultan Amurath III. 1574–1595, was to put all his five brothers to death. This Sultan's product of the harem was 103 children, of whom 20 sons and 27 daughters were living at the time of his death. On the accession to the throne of his son Mahomet III, 1595-1603, he instantly had all his nineteen brothers put to death.

Bajazet I, 1389-1402, was probably the most cruel, blood-thirsty and ferocious of any of the Sultan's before or after him. Othman, Orchan and Amurath had ruled under the title of Emir. Bajazet despised that title and assumed the superior title of Sultan, which be obtained from the Caliph, who, maintained in empty state in Egypt, was recognized as the religious chief of the Mahometan world. After the battle of Kossova he made Servia a vassal State, and compelled the prince who succeeded to the kingdom, to pay him tribute and to bind himself to render military service to the Sultan in all his campaigns. He made fresh conquests in Bosina, Hungary and Wallachia.

While Bajazet was fighting in Europe, the prince of Caramania, in Anatolia, stirred up a revolt and overthrew the viceroy of one of Bajazet's villayets. He hurried back into Asia, defeated and captured the prince, and beheaded him. Then for a time there was peace and Bajazet gave himself up to excesses in drink and debauchery. Under him it became a practice to seize on the children of Christian subjects, who were placed in the palaces of the Sultan, the Vizier's and the Pasha's nominally as pages, but really as victims of abominable orgies, similar to the annual tribute of youths and maidens offered up to the Cretan Minotaur.

Bajazet, in confident arrogance of his strength, boasted that he would conquer Italy, and that his horse should eat his oats on the high altar of St. Peter's, at Rome. After his armies had overrun Styria and southern Hungary, he led an army to the conquest of Greece, taking many cities and provinces. He removed 30,000 Greeks into Asia and transferred colonies of Turkomans into the most classic regions of that country in their place. He besieged Constantinople, but was bought off by the Greek Emperor with an annual tribute of 10,000 ducats.

Constantinople was a strong walled city. Before the invention of gunpowder the Turks besieged it off and on for seven years in succession, but every time they were prevented from scaling the walls by Greek fire, which also set fire to their ships and destroyed them. The Greeks, shut up in their capital, maintained a strong fleet, which gave them access to the outer world and supplied them with provisions brought from Mediterranean seaports by the way of the Dardanelles. The Greek ships also defended the water front of the city. The Greek fire was a liquid of such composition that water doubled its power as an agent of destruction. It was invented by one Callinicus, a Greek, whose people kept the secret of its ingredients for over 400 years. In 1453, the Turks battered down the walls of Constantinople with cannon and took the city. This ended the Eastern, Greek, or Byzantine Empire.

The incentive of plunder and spoils was the secret of the great strength and success of the Turkish armies. Besides the forces the Sultan could muster, he was joined in every campaign by irregulars, both horse and foot, and squadrons of Tartar cavalry from the Crimea. They furnished their own equipments and swarmed to the Turkish armies to fight and share in the loot that might accrue from conquests. That was their only pay, and after a campaign was over they disbanded and went home. The first regular infantry was the Yaya, or Piade, who were organized in divisions of tens, hundreds and thousands, commanded by decurions, centurions, and colonels. They served under their own officers and were proud, independent, and at times insubordinate. Orchan came to distrust and fear them.

About 1330, as a check on the Yaya, Orchan devised a plan for another corps of paid infantry, to be permanently attached to the government service. This corps was to be composed entirely of the children of the Rayas, (Christians), who were to be put in a military school to be educated in the art of war, taught implicit obedience, and to be accustomed to privations of pain, hunger, and fatigue. They were also to be forced to adopt the Moslem religion. Accordingly, 1,000 of the finest boys were annually torn from Christian subjects, placed in the military schools, and in time drawn into active service. This drafting of recruits from the children of the Rayas continued for 300 years, and the number taken was largely increased. One authority estimates that in that period of time over 500,000 children of Christians were taken, forced to adopt the religion of Islam, and to fight against Christian nations. This army corps were called by the Turks the "Yeni Tscheri," in English called the Janissaries.

The Janissaries became the main strength of the Turkish armies. When the Sultan led they were his body guards, and the imperial standard was borne at their head. In the time of Mahomet II. 1451–1481, the corps under arms numbered 12,000 men. Among the prisoners taken by this Sultan at the capture of Kaffa were 1,500 young Genoese nobles. They were taken to Constatinople, pressed into corps of the Yeni Tscheri, and forced to embrace the Moslem faith. In later times 40,000 Janissaries are mentioned as participating in a battle. They, with the Spahis, or regular cavalry, and the Akindji, irregular horsemen, were the admiration and terror of neighboring nations. In action, the Janissaries formed a hollow square with the Sultan in the center, and they were flanked by the Spahis cavalry. In battle the first rush was made by the irregular and least valued troops, while the regular infantry and cavalry were held in reserve to be brought into action as the fight might develop.

To be continued.

Among the archives of the Duc de la Tremouille, in the Paris National Library, are the minute books of the Sorbonne, the Ecclesiastical court, 1505 to 1533, the time of greatest struggle against Protestantism in France.

NEW YORK.

An Enjoyable Social Party.

UNION LEAGUE ITEMS.

The News Briefly Chronicled.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Sation M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

It was for patriotic motives that Mr. Emery F. Wolgamot, who invited about twenty friends of his, to gather in the hospitable residence of his parents in the Bronx, to participate in an enjoyable sociable on Saturday, February 22d, and the functions thereof bespoke of the great Father of our Country. Half a dozen could not reach his house because of the execrable condition of the streets caused by the memorable storm of hail, snow and rain. But, however, what lacked in numbers was made up in merriment and euthusiasm, led by young Mr. Wolgamot, who showed himself to be an entertainer of the first order.

Among those present were Misses Bella B. Bensinger, Lizzie E. Weeks, Eva Wachs, Mattie Schiffron, Grace Wolgamot and her two young sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Wolgamot, Messrs. Walter Callahan, Louis A. Ahmes, Harry Gloistein, E. F. Wolgamot and Samuel Frankenheim.

Games of the progressive kind were indulged in, and Miss Weeks carried off the first prize for winning every game against all comers —something which surprised all concerned in the party, and her prize was a couple of beautiful etchings of George Washington and Martha Washington. Mr. Frankenheim came off second best, and took with him as a prize, two lithographs representing the most magnificent specimens of the American Indian. All the pictures were suitably framed

Then, all adjourned to the dining room down stairs, and beheld a pretty scene. The chandelier was festooned with evergreens and crepe of blue, red and white, and the table was likewise decorated, and the choice edibles were soon served by the trim waitress and were done ample justice. Emery's father and mother assisted, and were most assiduous in seeing that every guest thoroughly enjoyed the feast.

After steaming chocolate was drunk, Mr. Frankenheim proposed three cheers and a tiger for the young host, and let remarks fall to the effect that good feeling and good companionship were highly important to the welfare of the deaf, who were unfortunately given to petty quarrels and small jealousies He singled Mr. Wolganot out as a shining example of what one can do to cheer and keep friends. Mr. Wolgamot arose and made a very appropriate reply, to which everybody applauded. Mr. Frankenheim then delivered an eulogy on the life of Washington, and two flash photographs were taken by Mr. Ahmes. It was in the wee sma' hours when everybody bade good-bye to the Walgamot family.

Each gentleman found a souvenir in the table in the shape of a hatchet, and each young lady a bunch of cherries, emblematic of the famous tree George Washington cut down.

Last Saturday evening, the Entertainment Committee of the D. M. U. L., which comprises Messrs. Kenner, Gomprecht and Dickerson, the later of which was absent, held their first meeting, the result being that a "Yarn-spinning Tournament" was arranged to be held on Thursday, March 13th, on the occasion of the regular meeting. To awaken interest, Mr. Gomprecht has agreed to give two prizes to the ones who will be declared the winners, by the three judges that are to be appointed. Messrs. Gomprecht and Kenner expect a "rip-roaring night."

To drive away the cares of a day (and a headache besides) I carelessly opened a *Judge* of recent date, and here is what first caught my eye.

"AT THE UNION LEAGUE.

"Gobang's wife is a deaf-mute but he says she is worth her weight in gold."

"Perhaps it is her silence that is golden."

The attendance at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, last Sunday, was fair, considering the unpleasant condition of the streets, and the state of traffic, which had been much hampered by the recent severe storms. Dr. Gallaudet appointed Mr. J. H. Keiser to conduct services.

The big conflagration which destroyed the immense varnish works of Emil Calman & Co., at Long Island City, as was reported in the local papers last Saturday, doubtless relates to the President of the Lexington Avenue School, Mr. Emil Calman, who is known to be engaged in this business.

Timothy P. Connell had his left ankle twisted while skating in the County Club, Pelham. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital for treatment, and remained a week. His ankle is still lame, but will soon be strong.

This summer the Deaf-Mutes' Union League will give its first "Picnic and Games" in the sixteen years of its existence. Mr. Samuel Goldberg has been appointed chairman of the Picnic Committee. The date and place have not yet been decided.

Miss Rachel Moses, of Newark, N. J., may congratulate herself on having lately become an aunt, for the stork flew down on her brother's household and left a tiny baby boy. Miss Moses left for Easton, Pa., to see her new nephew.

The mother of Miss Eliza Streiner, a Fanwood graduate, died suddenly, of heart disease, on February 14th, aged 78 years. She was buried in Lutheran Cemetery, on the 17th, Miss Streiner now lives with her brother-in-law.

Mr. Harry Liebsohn, a deaf-mute, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., visited his brother in Brooklyn. Mr Robert Harth invited him to his home to see his deaf-mute friends last week. Mr Liebsohn will return home this week.

Mr. Harry C. Dickerson took advantage of last Saturday's holiday and journeyed to Boston, to pay a visit to his parents who have their home there. He will return this Monday (Feburary 24).

Between thirty and forty prizes will be distributed at the Masked Ball of the D. M. A. C., on April 5th. Only those appearing in costume will be eligiole to compete for the prizes.

President Bachrach of the D. M. U. L., is a favorite among the young element of the club What's the wonder? He is a sportsman, and hence they look up to him as one of their number.

At a recent meeting of the D. M. U. L., Mr. Marcus L Kenner was appointed Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, to succeed Mr. Charles Bothner, who resigned.

It is said that Ferdinand Hamar, a sculptor, of Paris, France, will soon be in New York City. The date of his departure from Paris has not yet been announced.

Mr. Harry Gloistein has been appointed manager of the Lexington Basket Ball Five, by Chairman Kenner. He has already booked a number of games.

The election of the Managers and Captains of the Lexington A. A. Baseball and Football Teams, will take place this Thursday evening, February 27th.

A lecture, to be given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, is scheduled at the St. Mark's Church, Saturday, March 22d.

The "Silent Five" is trying to arrange a game with the Apollo Basket Ball team, to take place in Philadelphia, preferably on March 22d.

Members of the Silent Five who went to Herkimer, February 22d, were snowbound for several hours near Fishkill, N. Y., on the return.

Mr. Auerback is in town again. He was a wrapper at a place in Brighton, N. J., where his brother is foreman, but gave up the place.

A vote of sympathy was tendered to Mr. Jas B. Gass at a business meeting of the D. M. U. L, for the death of his beloved sister.

Mr. I. N. Soper has so far recovered, that he expects to resume his work in New York in a couple of weeks.

Dwight L. Elmendorf will give a course of four Thursday matinee lectures during March, at Carnegie Lyceum.

Miss Annie C. Kugeler, of Brooklyn, has gone on an extended tour through the South, with her aunt.

Miss Susie McKinney, of Philadelphia, is in town, the guest of Mr and Mrs. Heyman.

The Brooklyn Guild will hold a meeting on March 6th, to transact important business.

Mr. C. E. Vernon goes to Buffalo to live, as soon as the rigor of winter is over.

Miss Margaret Talley has just recovered from an illness of two weeks.

Deaf-Mute's Temptation.

James O'Leary, a homeless deaf-mute, offered a written appeal to Magistrate Olmsted, in the Centre Street Court, to day, when arraigned by Policeman Conley, who said he found O'Leary intoxicated last evening. The letter read:—

Judge Olmsted:—I am sorry to face you like a fool. I was cleaning pavements for saloonkeepers around New Street. I got free hot Scotch whiskey I feel so bitter against it. The slippery pavements knocked sense out of my head. I will reform and go out of the city from wicked temptation. You can read xxxi.-6 Proverbs:—

Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish and wine unto those that be of merry hearts.

I am not a mean man. I will be ruined because there will be a steady job for me out of town Monday. The heavy snow made me sick by wet feet. May God move your judgment on me. I just bow to Providence through you.

JAMES O'LEARY. Bath Gate, N. Y.

O'Leary's appeal was successful.

ALBANY, N.Y.

The Rev. Harry Van Allen, deacon in charge of the mission to the deaf, in the Episcopal diocese of Albany, was advanced to the priesthood in the Cathedral of All Saints, Albany, on February 20th, last. The sermon was preached by the Rev. John Chamberlain, curate of St. Ann's Church, New York City. He said there was no hereditary right in the Christian ministry. Those on whom the unseen power had impressed upon them their duty was a sufficient warrant that they had been called. He then spoke of the growth of the work among the deaf-mutes. The development of the science of manual signs had raised those heretofore living in utter ignorance and mental darkness, to the intellectual level of their brethren who possessed all of the senses endowed by nature upon mankind.

He said Mr. Van Allen was especially fitted for the work he had chosen, and spoke in the kindliest manner of the great benefit he had already conferred upon his people in his capacity as a missionary.

Bishop Doane officiated at the ordination ceremonies, and celebrated holy communion. The Rev. G. D. Silliman, D. D, of Stockport, presented the candidate for ordination to the bishop. At the celebration of holy communion the Rev. Mr. Marvin, of Schenectady, was epistoler, and the Rev. Dr. Carter, of Albany, gospeller. Dr. Chamberlain translated the entire service, which was performed with all of the solemn grandeur of the Episcopal ritual, into the sign language.

The will of Thomas Collins, father of William T, instructor of cabient making, at the Rome, N. Y. School, was admitted to probate last week. William is given a house and lot in Troy.

The Troy Club of the State League, will be sorry to lose the services fo their popular deaf-mute first baseman, according to the announcement of his decision to play in California next season as follows.

Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, George Kihm will hold down first base for the "Angelenos" next season, in his own quiet way, for he is supposed to have a "wise head" and he knows that eight months' work here for the money he can get, will more than offset the slight raise his former club, Troy, made him.—*St Louis Sporting News.*

George B Boxley, brother of "Clarry," has bought out Walsh's business at the corner of River and Second Streets, Troy. He sells hats, trunks, bags, and furs.

Andrew Keenan, Jr., of Albany, is now a full fledged Elk, having just been initiated into the Lodge of Albany.

Hughey Ahearn, of Troy, has signed to catch for Brooklyn N. L. It will be remembered that he used to catch Luther Taylor, when they both played with the Albany team some years ago.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sunday, Fred House, Pat. Donahue and Geo. Brown had a sleigh ride to the lake to visit Mr. Lewis, the proprietor of the Crescent Beach Hotel The roads were in such bad condition that while on the way to the lake, the cutter tipped over and they were thrown out. The horse, frightened, started to run, but Pat. held the reins and halted it. He was dragged several feet. Fred House was buried so deeply that Patrick and George could not see where he was. George asked Patrick where he went. Patrick said he thought he was under the cutter. While struggling for life, they found his head coming out of the snow, and ran to his assistance and hauled him out. He was uninjured. They came home in the evening, reporting a very jolly time.

The six-day cycle race opened at Fitzhugh Hall to-day, and will end Saturday. Several professional riders have entered the race. Tom Butler, who is a famous racer, is one of them. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the riders. Chas. Critchley and Geo. Brown were there.

Rochester friends of Mr. Albert Hochstuhl were surprised to hear of his marriage, and wish to congratulate him and his wife and also hope they will lead a happy life.

The Black Gill Club is going to have an election of officers at its next meeting, Saturday night of this week.

Rev Mr. Dantzer was taken ill, and confined to his house for two weeks. He took cold in Buffalo, where he was giving a lecture to the deaf, which brought on muscular rheumatism. He is now better, and able to do his church work.

The ladies of the Ephphatha Mission for the deaf, at St. Luke's Church, have formed a Ladies' Aid Society.

The officers are:—Miss Louise Lauer, President; Mrs. J. R. Francis, Secretary; Mrs. William Gibbs, Treasurer; and Rev. Mrs. Dantzer, Visitor. Vice-President could not be chosen, so they will wait until one is named.

GEORGE BROWN.

Philip Gettins, of Irwin, who has for a long time been employed in the Pennsylvania Gas Coal Company at that place, resigned his position, and left, on Thursday, for Greensburg, where he has accepted a job in the brass department of the Kelly & Jones Company. Philip is a young man of industry.

PHILADELPHIA.

Concerning the Deaf of Japan.

MR. ADAMS LECTURES.

Personal and Otherwise.

News Items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Luelia Bull, a missionary to Japan, now taking a vacation, addressed the congregation of All Souls', on Sunday afternoon last. Miss Bull is a very interesting lady, who seems devoted to the cause of mission work and her address did not fail to interest the deaf. She is a New York lady and is generously supported in her work by Holy Trinity (Episcopal) Church. Her visit to All Souls' was largely inspired by her growing interest in deaf-mutes in Japan, a couple of whom are under her care. After the church services, she exhibited a photograph of a deaf pupil and numerous other interesting people and places in Japan.

Miss Bull does not think the time is ripe yet for a Mission for the Deaf in Japan. Out of a population of forty millions of people, only about seventy thousand have embraced the Christian Faith under all the religious denominations working in the country. That is a comparatively small number, and it could not be expected to raise a congregation of deaf worshippers before the religion of Christ was more generally accepted by the masses. She, however, showed that good progress was being made by the various missionaries working in Japan, and this, coupled with the fact that no serious opposition is offered them, bespoaks a bright future for Christianity in this promising little kingdom of the East.

In concluding her address, Miss Bull begged the prayers of the congregation for the work, and those who are prosecuting it so faithfully. She herself expects to return to Japan in the course of a few months, and resume her duties as a Deaconess. She will take with her a photograph of the missionaries to the deaf in America, and some pictures of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, which the JOURNAL correspondent will present to her.

A large audience greeted Mr. A. F. Adams, of Washington, D. C., on the occassion of his lecture before the Clerc Literary Association, last Thursday evening, 20th. Mr. Adams did not bring a grip full of museum curiosities to dilate upon, but yet proved a capital entertainer. His subject, if he announced one, was Robley D. Evans, Rear Admiral, U. S. N, better known as "Fighting Bob." Not his biography in full, but an interesting account of the chief events of his career in the United States Navy, including both the humorous and the grave. He had enough material to consume one hour and a half that way.

The Gallaudet Club, of Philadelphia, which is not yet in full bloom, but was to have shown progress on Saturday evening last, received its first drawback, and Jack Frost, who is accused of having chopped down more trees last week than George Washington did in his lifetime, was directly responsible for it. A meeting was called for, at the residence of the JOURNAL correspondent, to hear the report of the Committee on Rules, on Saturday evening, but the bad weather of the previous few days and the threatening appearance of it on that evening, doubtlessly made the Mt Airy members and some others lose heart and cling by the home fireside.

Mr. Harry E. Stevens was the only one from a distance who braved the weather, the icy Delaware, the trolley nickel-collector, and the slushy city, only to find that he had wasted so much energy. Being a good man, he did not say bad things, but returned to his Jersey home as soon as he saw the meeting would not mature. Thomas Breen, who only had a few squares of slush to splash, did not complain a bit, for he missed nothing that he would have got had the meeting matured. Martin C. Fortescue was less fortunate. On his way to the meeting, he bought a pound of Litiz pretzels, of which his wife is very fond; but when he departed for his boarding place he *unintentionally* left the pretzels behind.

As for the JOURNAL man on whom devolved the expense of entertaining, at this meeting, he came out no richer than if all happened as he had expected. He also wasted some energy at decoration.

Another attempt will shortly be made to land the rules which will govern the Club.

Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer, of Stamford, Conn., was the guest of Mrs. James T. Young from Saturday to Monday, when an uncle, whom she had not met for 37 years, met her and took her to see his children in Camden, West Phila., and Germantown. She expects to leave Philadelphia on Thursday.

The basket ball match at the St. Ann's hall, at Lehigh Avenue, and Cedar Street, between the St. Ann's and the Apollo Five, was declared off on account of the stormy weather. Manager George Cowan still has a chance to play with the St. Ann's in about two weeks.

The Apollo Five will probably play against the St. Bridgets' Y. M. S. I., at East Falls, on March 15th.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

That Johnny and his best girl love a party, and are willing to pay for the fun, was pretty conclusively demonstrated on the evening of February 22d, by the little company that gathered in the house of Frank Penrose, of New Market, N. J., to arrange plans for a "surprise," previous to making a descent upon the pretty cottage of Frank's brother Joe, a few hundred feet away. Despite distance, bad weather and general unfavorable conditions, more than a dozen came. Getting to the house from the station, a mere city block, it was simply a choice between wading knee-deep over running rivulets, with a thin coating of snow on top to deceive the unwary, or continuing on to the next station and hiring a cab. Most of them, though, had more regard for the contents of their pockets than for their pedal extremities, and their fear of possible pneumonia complications, and footed it over, slush, snow and all. One, William Waldron, however, with his best girl, came *via* a hackney of the vintage of 1780, or thereabouts, which he had managed to hire somewhere at a figure that would give a New Yorker fits. When all were finally assembled ready to swoop down on the "surprise party," the towns represented would do great credit to a convention of Jersey farmers. Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, Dunellen, Bound Brook, Plainfield and last, but not least, a town enjoying the especially appropriate name of Swamptown, all sent one or more of their representatives.

Several New Yorkers were expected, but they either had gone down the bay to join in the welcoming of Prince Henry, or else possessed a bit of horse-sense, for none of them put in an appearance.

The party itself—oh! it was the most enjoyable affair, and the guests felt more than repaid for all the discomforts they endured in coming. To describe it would be but repeating the description of scores of similar affairs. The usual games were indulged in, although a new game was sprung. Entering a room we found a goddess, Mrs. Emma Coombs, standing on a stool, enveloped in white. We were requested to kneel in front of the goddess and make an act of supplication While graciously inclining her dainty head in token of assent, she would deftly empty a cup of water, concealed within a "stove-in" in her hat, into the face of the supplicant.

A dainty collation was served at midnight, and various games were played from then until the guests began to disperse with the resuming of train service, at 7 30 Sunday morning. The departure of Waldron and Miss Wolters, who had arrived in such swell style, was the cause of much merriment. Borrowing a tub sled from one of the Penrose boys, he seated the fair Miss therein, and gallantly ploughed through the slush, and arrived at the depot, after making a detour of nearly four times the distance on a straight line, with the water fairly streaming out of his shoes. Pretty souvenirs were distributed, and altogether a very pleasant time was passed. New Market may not be on the map, but its evidently a very pretty place in the summer. For the winter, give me a hamlet a trifle nearer the bounds of civilization. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penrose, and the half dozen little Penroses, Mr. William Nash and son, and Mrs Bayne, from Newark; William Waldron and Miss Ella Wolters, of Elizabeth; Mrs. Emma Coombs, of Bound Brook; Mrand Mrs .H. Pierce Kane, Jersey City; and several others.

A couple of young fellows from New York, put in an appearance during the afternoon, Sunday. Whether they had tarried in the city, or had been snowbound, or got lost in the backwoods, is not known at this juncture.

New Haven, Conn.

There was the scene of a jolly party Saturday afternoon (Washington's Birthday), at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Axt, on Chapel Street, in honor of Messrs. A. Baxter, of New York City, and Herman Lamm, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The time was passed pleasantly in popping corn, parlor games and conversation. Dainty refreshments were served during the afternoon and evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George J. Axt, Misses Emily Schmahl, Annie Murphy, Lena G. Burke, Grace Bacon, Messrs. Geo. Stevenson and Frank Faucher, of New Haven, Ct., Mr. Herman F. Probst, of Bridgeport, Ct., Mr. T. Cossette, of Meriden, Ct, Mr. Archie Baxter, of New York, and Mr. Herman Lamm, of Brooklyn. Mr. J. E. Taplin, of Brooklyn, was unable to attend.

Sunday morning Messrs. Baxter, Probst and Lamm visited Yale University, and in the afternoon they went to see Miss Emily Schmahl at her home, and found Misses Murphy and Burke, and Mr. P. Williams, of Bradford, there also. About seven o'clock they proceeded to the dining room, where a dainty supper was served, and later all went home feeling that they had enjoyed a delightful time.

Mr. H. Lamm went to Bridgeport Friday night to see Mr. Probst, and also to visit his brother, Julius, for a few days. Mr. Baxter also visited his old friends in New Haven.

Lord Dufferin and the Deaf and Dumb.

The following, taken from the Belfast (Ireland) *Northern Whig*, explains itself:—

EDITOR NORTHERN WHIG:—At the present moment, when every heart goes out in sympathy to the widow and family of our late distinguished and beloved countryman Lord Dufferin, it may interest some of your readers to know that when I, a student at Gallaudet College, Washington, U. S. A., wrote to Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, begging him to use his influence in obtaining educational advantages for the 200,000 deaf-mutes of India, who till then had been entirely neglected, I received a most gracious reply, in which his Lordship kindly promised to do what he could for the furtherance of my request. The direct result of this correspondence was that a young Indian gentleman, of good education, was sent to Washington to study the various methods of teaching the deaf and dumb. This gentleman, on his return to Calcutta, became the principal of the first school for the deaf in the vast Indian Empire. The incident helps to show something of the nobility of mind and kindness of heart of our "greatest pro-consul" He did not consider the letter of a simple deaf student beneath his notice, but kindly condescended to reply, and his reply has been so far-reaching in its effect that it is impossible to calculate the blessing through it which has been conferred on the "silent" heathen of India.

Yours, etc.,

FRANCIS MAGINN,
Superintendent.

Mission Hall for the Deaf and Dumb,
11 Fisherwick Place, Belfast.

To Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

At a regular meeting of St. Andrew's Church Mission to the Deaf, held February 16th, 1902, the following resolutions were read and unanimously accepted at one of the largest meetings ever held in St. Andrew's Hall, and signed not only by those present, but also by others in Boston and New England, who had the highest personal esteem for the object of these resolutions:

TO THE REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D.

DEAR FRIEND:—We have learned with great regret and sorrow of your serious illness so nearly at the close of a long and useful life devoted to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the deaf, of Boston and New England, but earnestly hope that you, with your undimmed mental faculties and great heart, still throbbing with the pulse of humanity, will be spared to us for yet awhile, if not to minister unto us, at least, to witness the growth and expansion of the great work you had undertaken in the bloom and vigor of your early manhood We desire to assure you that, by unfailing courtesy and kindness, by purity of life and teachings, by having ever been ready to succor the needy and distressed, ever prompt to advance our interests, and by your unselfish devotion to our welfare, you have earned our undying gratitude and affection, which will follow you beyond the grave, when

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run;
Life's crown well won,
And then comes rest."

(Signed) ALBERT S. TUFTS,
JENNIE L. WISE,
HENRY C. WHITE,
and two hundred others.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Miss Myra L. Barrager will render Fenimore Cooper's, "Last of the Mohicans," in the lecture room, on Friday evening, February 28th, at eight o'clock A most cordial invitation is extended to all the deaf to beguile a passing hour in the Indian forest with Hawkeye, his trusty "Killdeer," and Uncas.

Frank Widaman, of Greensburg, laments the loss of a beloved aunt, whose death occurred at her home in Westmoreland City, on February 7th, from pneumonia, after but a few hours' illness. Deceased was of an amiable, kindly and sympathetic disposition, and was, in every sense of the word, a model woman, besides being a sincere Christian.

CHICAGO.

Washington Honored at the Club.

PRES. GALLAUDET WILL LECTURE.

Brevities.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Washington's birthday was celebrated at the rooms of the Pas-a-Pas Club, under the leadership of Mr. Oscar H. Regensburg, President of the Literary Circle, on the evening of February 22d. Two charming ladies and ex-Supt. Walker assisted in the commemoration of the first President. Many fair ladies were present for the first time in many moons, and a gallant tribute was paid to their male escorts. Mr. Regensburg was a chivalrous gallant too, and was in his best dress suit, and he had no trouble to carry a high French hat. Mr. Regensburg called the meeting to order, and made a nice introductory address. Then, after "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was declaimed in signs by Mrs. C. C. Colby, ex-Supt. Walker was introduced as the orator of the evening, his subject being, "Washington." Mr. Walker is a remarkable orator, and popular for his personal qualities. Everybody present enjoyed his delightful lecture, and Mr. Walker was tendered a hearty vote of thanks. Mr. Regensburg announced that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, will deliver a lecture before the Literary Circle, on the 29th of March. His subject will be, "Some Incidents of the American Diplomacy." Members and ladies a e cordially invited. Dr. Gallaudet will be exclusively the guest of the Pas-a-Pas Club during his stay in Chicago. A banquet is to be given by the college graduates, in honor of the distinguished guest, on the following Monday evening. It will take place in Illinois Cafe, on Jackson Boulevard, near Wabash Avenue, at which Mr. Regensburg will act as toastmaster, and an elaborate interest is being manifested. Mrs. Ed. Kingon charmed the audience with her clever dramatic recitation. The poem was "Washington." A dialogue between Miss Fannie Hegg and Mr. William Wayman, entitled, "Taking the Census," was given in a good humor, and they created considerable laughter. Mrs. Colby closed the program by reciting a humorous selection, "Yankee Doodle," in a jolly mood.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Clark and Washington Streets, last Sunday afternoon Rev. Philip Joseph Hasenstab read St. John I, 29 to 51. The golden text was "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' which taketh away the sin of the world." He made a powerful appeal for all to come to Jesus. At the close of the services, Rev. Hasenstab stated that the holy communion will be observed on Easter Sunday, March 30th, and, that he would be out of Chicago for three weeks on a mission trip, and Mr. Rutherford will take his charge during his absence.

New England dinner will be served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Sullivan, 1003 West Congress Street, on west side, on Saturday evening, March 15th, from 6 to 9 o'clock, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society, for the benefit of charity. Two hundred or more persons are wanted to help eat all down. Come in the moonlight, or rain.

"Chicago" and wife are invited to attend the marriage ceremony of Miss Alice Lott and Mr. William O. Coffman, at Jacksonville, Illinois, on Thursday evening, March 6th, at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, at 5 o'clock. Rev. Philip Hasenstab will officiate. "Chicago" and wife send them their most sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes' son, Edwin, celebrated the tenth anniversary of his marriage, in Edgewood Park, last week.

Mrs. E. H. Rohert, daughter-in-law of Superintendent Rohert, of the Iowa Institution, is visiting her aunt in this city.

Mr Buhle, a graduate of the New York School in the forties, has been in this city for two years past, but has never been among the deaf society. He is at present living with his niece, and is working for her husband as a janitor.

Miss Anna Nessell was summoned home from the Jacksonville School by the death of her father, two weeks ago.

Miss Mamie Tucker goes to City of Mexico on the first of March, with her sister, where she will spend several months. It will be her third trip this time.

Mr. Henry Dornbusch, of La Salle, was in Chicago last week, visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Austin Baird, of Pullman.

Mr. Adolph Jacoby's father died in Jacksonville, recently.

CHICAGO.

OHIO.

A Very Enjoyable Reception.

PIERCED BY CUPID'S DART.

A Death at the Home.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The reception, Saturday evening, given by the Ladies Aid Society, in honor of the retiring officers, was a social affair heartily enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. And the manner in which everything was arranged for the comfort and pleasure of the guests shows that the hostess, Mrs. Ella Zell, at whose cosey home the affair was given, knows how to entertain. The rooms were all beautifully decorated, red being the predominating color; little and big red hearts dotted the curtains and hangings, while in a number of places was suspended southern smilax. Mrs. Zell, as hostess, with old and new officers of the Society, in line in the parlor, received the guests as they entered, and there were fifty-seven present during the evening. In the hall was a large box for valentines, and as the guests came in, it was sure to receive a missive or two from each. Mr. McGregor was selected to hand out tokens of love or otherwise. Everybody in the house was remembered, some with half a dozen, and some of them were quite amusing, at least to the crowd, if not to the recipient.

Lunch was served in the dining room. Miss Kenney presided over the coffee urn and did it to perfection. There were sandwiches, pickles, olives, salted peanuts, candies and coffee. After this there was a racking of the gray matter in straightening out a list of some twenty pied cities. A good many made out the correct list. Meanwhile ice-cream and cakes *galore* were passed around, and other guessing contests began, but that great respecter of no one, "Father Time," gave warning, and further amusements had to be laid aside to the regret of all, and so the hostess was thanked for the evening's enjoyment and bidden good night by these who had spent the evening so pleasantly with her.

Those in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Odebrecht, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib, Mr. and Mrs. C. Neuner, Mr. and Mrs C. W. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Schory, Mr. Crout and daughter, Mrs. Miller, Messrs. Beckert, Hedges, Zell, A. Kingry, Zorn, Elsey, McGinness, Ohlemacher, Clum, and D Sullivan, of New York. Mesdames Stewart, Goldsmith, Smith and Neutzling, and Misses Kenney, Stelzig, Long, Greener, Maize, Monaham, Edgar and sister, Bard, Harrison, Munger, Dresback, Rodman, Burton, Hewitt, Martig, Prouty, Biggam, Munnell, Douglas, and the writer.

An arrow of St. Valentine pierced one of the lady employes of the bindery, Friday, and she easily fell a victim to its shaft. Happening to be in the book factory on Saturday morning, we were asked the residence of a certain minister by one of the ladies. Little did we dream then that the services of the aforesaid minister were wanted to perform a certain little knot-tying ceremony, the impression at the time was that his aid was wanted to help in some charitable work. But the secret came out Monday, in the following item, taken from the *Evening Press:*

Martin L. Young, of Tiffin, and Matilda M. Scott, of this city, were married at the home of Mrs. Mary Willing, corner of Main Street and Grant Avenue, by Rev. W. E. Eagleson. Both are mutes and the ceremony was performed in the sign-language. Mr. and Mrs. Young left for Tiffin to make it their future home.

Mr. Young's home is in Tiffin, and he came to the city Friday. He was visiting Mrs. Mary Willing, and there for the first time met Miss Scott. It didn't take them long to decide that they loved each other and settle the matter by a marriage. It's a case of love at first sight, and we hope the union will prove happy to both. Mr. Young left school here over thirty years ago. He is a machinist by trade and well enough fixed to take care of himself and the partner he has chosen, for the rest of his life. After the wedding, the couple put up at the Manhattan, till Tuesday morning, when they left for Tiffin, their future home, and with them go the best wishes of their friends.

We are called upon to chronicle a death at the Home, which occurred Thursday morning, about seven o'clock. It was that of Miss Elisa Metzsker, of Wood County. She was admitted into the Home in 1899, and was, at the time of her death, eighty years old. She had never attended a school for the deaf. When of proper school age, railroads were few and expenses heavy. Later her parents were loath to part with her and hence she grew up devoid of education. She leaves a brother and sister. Both came to see her during the earlier part of her last sickness, and made arrangements for her funeral.

Miss Metzsker had been ailing for some time consequent upon the infirmities of old age, and had been bedridden a number of weeks. She seemed to know that her end was near, and several weeks ago gave Mrs. Jones, the matron, a quilt she had made herself, and other little keepsakes to her companions at the Home. She was a good old soul, always cheerful and kind to those around her, and no words of complaint did she ever utter of her condition, and those who provided for her.

Her remains were sent Thursday, to Wood County, to be buried beside those of her parents.

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Mary Galpin, *nee* Wagenitz, which occurred on the 12th inst., at the home of her mother, in Dayton, Ohio. She was a graduate of this school, and while a pupil endeared herself to all by her studious and obedient disposition. She was married to Mr. Galpin a year or so after graduating, but he died several years ago. Mrs. Galpin was taken down with the grippe a year ago, from the effects of which she never fully recovered. It brought on other complications and which finally ended her life as above noted.

Several weeks ago a German deaf-mute came to this city from Cincinnati, and began to peddle lead pencils. He was down at the courthouse trying to sell his wares we were told, but met with little success. Saturday's and Sunday's *Press* had the following about him:—

A peculiar case came to Mayor Hinkle, Saturday, in the person of a German deaf-mute who bore a letter from Superintendent J. W. Jones, of the Deaf and Dumb institution. In the absence of the mayor, Secretary Addison received the note, and found that the man could not hear a sound or utter a syllable, and he could understand no language but German.

The secretary, after a few gesticulations, gave the man to understand that he should remain in the office until the mayor should appear, and the secretary went with the letter to the infirmary directors.

The letter was a request for aid to get a half-rate ticket to St. Louis. Director McKinley was of the opinion that the man should be sent back to Germany, there being a law authorizing the governor to send back foreign paupers to their own country. It was finally decided to turn the matter over to United States Immigrant Inspector Smiley for disposal.

The German deaf-mute whose case was mentioned in the *The Press* Saturday was taken to the office of Immigrant Inspector Milton Smiley Saturday afternoon and his case laid before the inspector. He wanted to go to St. Louis and thence back to Germany.

It proved that the man had been in the United States since 1883, and no help to get back to his country could be extended.

James Maddox, who recently went to Bellaire to work in a glass factory, has left for home again. He found the work too hard for him. To work in such a place requires men of a strong constitution and also the kind who are quick of movement. If there are any deaf possessed of such qualities and who are *really willing and anxious to work*, Mr. Corbett, who is foreman in one of the departments of the works, can give such a job later on.

The amount thus for received from the late charity ball foots up $462.20. The expenses were only $22.48, so the Home gets $439.72 for improvements, which, as stated before, will be the sinking of a well and providing facilities for sprinkling the garden and lawns. One reason for poor garden products the past few years was owing to the dryness of the seasons and no water to use for gardening purposes. This is Washington's Birthday anniversary, and consequently the shops and bindery are closed. They get at east half a holiday.

Feb. 22, '02, A. B. G.

First Presidential Inauguration at the Eden Musee.

At the Eden Musee an effort is being made to reproduce in wax a number of historical scenes connected with United States history. The second of this series was placed on exhibition yesterday, and represents the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States. The group occupies the entire eastern side of the large Central Hall formerly occupied by the Columbus group. In front of the railing stand soldiers dressed in the regulation uniform of the army at that date. Behind the railing, standing upon a broad platform with a balustrade in front, is President Washington delivering his inaugural address. Behind him are three Justices of the Supreme Court, who have just administered the oath of office. President Washington is dressed plainly in black velvet. His long hair is powdered. The other figures in the group are dressed in customary costumes. All the figures have been made with the greatest care from the best paintings and descriptions. In the background of the group are the national colors. Many other interesting wax groups have been placed on exhibition recently at the Musee, and old visitors will hardly know the popular amusement place. In the Winter Garden moving pictures are shown hourly with a change of pictures each hour. Many of the pictures are of a mysterious character, which never fail to astonish and please. Among these latter are two new series just received from Paris. Each afternoon and evening the new orchestra gives a concert in the Winter Garden, and and the programmes are made up of vocal and instrumental selections. As the Musee has placed on exhibition an excellent wax figure of Prince Henry, it has made arrangement to show moving pictures of the Prince's movements in New York, which will be of unusual interest.

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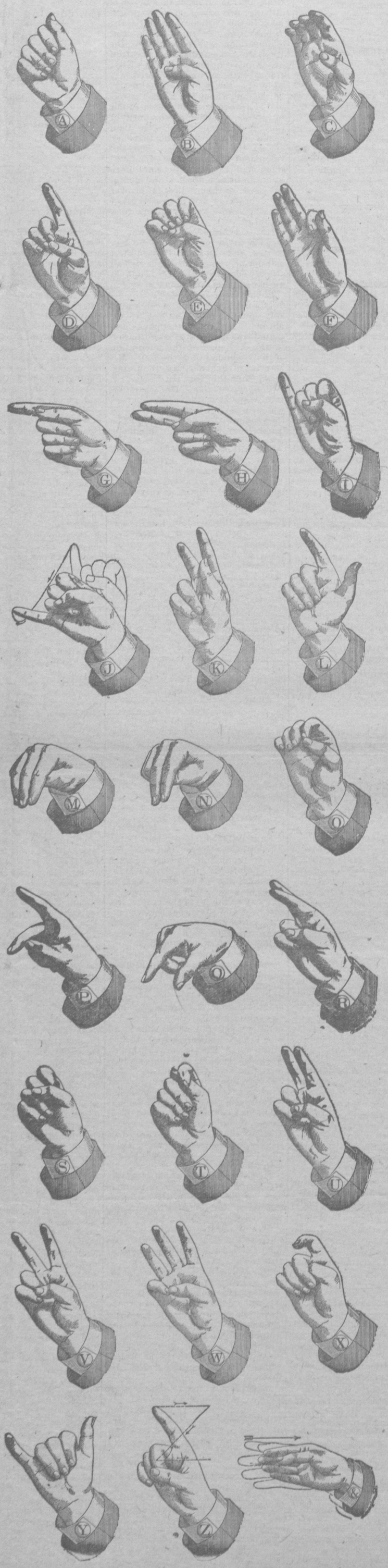
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